

T H E
E P I S T L E S
O F

Penelope to Ulysses,

AND
Phyllis to Demophoon.

NEWLY
TRANSLATED from OVID.

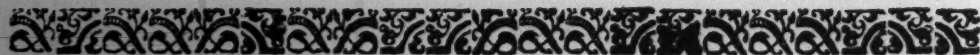
----- *Scribere jussit Amor.*



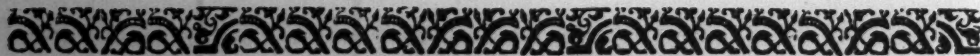
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If these meet with a favourable Reception,
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T H E
E P I S T L E
O F

Penelope to Ulysses.

The ARGUMENT.

The Rape of Helen by Paris having occasioned the Trojan War, Ulysses is obliged by the other Grecian Princes, against his Will, to accompany them to it : In which Expedition he behaved with such Prudence and Courage, that he may justly be said to have had the greatest Share in the Destruction of Troy. After which the victorious Captains returning home, are dispersed, and driven about by Storms, so that some perished, and others wandered about many Years, of which last Number was Ulysses, who arrived not at his native Country, until ten Years after the Taking of Troy. In the mean Time his Wife Penelope, ignorant where he was detained, and solicitous about his Return, writes to him the following Epistle to hasten it.

YOUR Confort grieves at slow Ulysses' Stay,
No Answer send, but haste yourself away.
Curse of the Grecian Dames, proud Troy's laid low,
How dear the Purchase of it's Overthrow !
Wou'd, when to Sparta Paris urg'd his Way,
Th' adult'rous Wretch had perish'd in the Sea !

B

Chill'd

Chill'd in a lonely Bed then I'd ne'er lain,
 Nor of the tedious Hours shou'd I complain ;
 Nor wou'd, till tir'd, my widow'd Hands have wove,
 Whilst to beguile the long dull Night I strove.

DANGERS still greater fear'd I than they were,
 For Love is ever full of anxious Fear.

Fierce *Trojans* you t'assault, I fancy'd, came,
 Turn'd always pale as Death at *Hector's* Name.

When told *Antilochus* fell by his Spear,

Antilochus's Death increas'd my Fear ;

And when *Patroclus* in false Arms was slain,

I wept that e'er your Arts cou'd prove in vain.

Tlepolemus when great *Sarpedon* slew,

Tlepolemus renew'd my Care for you.

Of any *Grecian's* Death when told by Fame,

Colder than Ice straight my fond Breast became :

But Heav'n to our chaste Love has had Regard,

TROY lies in Ashes, and my Husband's spar'd.

The *Greek* Chiefs are return'd, the Altars smoke,

And all with barb'rous Spoils the Gods invoke.

For her safe Lord Gifts brings each grateful Dame,

And her Lord tells her how they Troy o'ercame.

Old Men and trembling Maids with Wonder hear,
 Wives their Lord's Tale attend with list'ning Ear,
 Fights on their Tables drawn some shew with Joy,
 And with a little Wine delineate TROY ;
 Here's the *Sigeian* Land, here *Simois'* Flood,
 Here hoary *Priam's* lofty Palace stood ;
 There pitch'd *Achilles*, and *Ulysses* there,
Hector's torn Coarse the Horses frighten'd here.
 Sent to seek you, your Son from *Nestor* heard
 All your Exploits, and all to me declar'd.
 He told how *Rhesus* and how *Dolon* died,
 That while he slept, and this by Fraud destroy'd.
 Of us O too forgetful ! you durst go
 By Night to *Rhesus'* Camp t'assault the Foe :
 With Aid of one what Numbers slaughter'd be ?
 You was more cautious once, and thought of me.
 Fear seiz'd my Breast, till told you Conqu'ror were,
 And to your Camp the *Thracian* Horses bare.

But what avails it me that TROY's o'erthrown ?
 Or where her Walls once flourish'd, Fields are sown ?
 If I the same, as when it stood remain,
 And ne'er must see my Husband's Face again ?

To

To others fall'n, to me alone TROY stands,
 Tho' captive Oxen plough it's new-made Lands.
 Wheat now is reap'd, where once TROY's City stood,
 The fruitful Land enrich'd with *Trojan* Blood.
 Half-buried Bones up by the Ploughs are torn,
 And ruin'd Houses cover'd by the Corn.

BUT you, tho' Victor, your Return delay,
 Nor know I why, or where, you cruel stay.
 Whoe'er in foreign Ships touch at our Shore,
 What News of you I ask them o'er and o'er :
 Letters from me all, ere they go, receive,
 Which they, should they see you, to you may give.
 I sent to *Pylos* hoary *Nestor's* Court,
 Nought was from *Pylos* brought but vain Report :
 I sent to *Sparta*, nor cou'd *Sparta* tell,
 Where 'tis you loiter, in what Land you dwell.
 'Twere better TROY still stood : I now recal
 The Pray'rs I fickle made, that it might fall !
 War my sole Dread, then where you fought I'd known,
 Nor shou'd I only then have Cause to moan.
 What I know not, yet all Things mad I fear,
 And a wide Field lies open to my Care.

Whatever

Whatever Dangers are by Land or Sea,
 I fear may be the Cause of your Delay.
 Then doubt I, simply musing, some new Flame
 Has made you Captive to a Foreign Dame :
 How plain your Wife perhaps too you impart,
 Unskill'd in all except the Housewife's Art.
 But may this Charge, and may my Fears be vain !
 Nor you your Will, if you cou'd come, detain !

My Sire *Icarius* bids me quit each Day
 My widow'd Bed, and chides at my Delay ;
 But let him chide, I'm your *Penelope*,
 And till I die *Ulysses'* Wife will be.
 But my chaste Love and Pray'rs have mov'd his Breast,
 That he at last relenting gives me Rest.

Dulichians, Samians, a luxurious Crew,
 Me likewise Natives of *Zacynthus* wooe ;
 They lord it in your Hall without Controul,
 Lavish your Substance, and consume the Whole.
 Of *Polybus, Pisander, Medon's* Fame,
 Why shou'd I speak ? Or why *Antinous* name,
Eurymachus, and others, all sustain'd
 By what your Labour and your Blood has gain'd ?

Shepherd *Melanthius*, Beggar *Irus* too
 In your Disgrace unite, and plunder you.
 We are but three, a helpless Woman I,
Laertes old, *Telemachus* a Boy ;
 And he by Treachery was almost lost,
 Whilst he against our Wills to *Pylus* crost.
 Gods grant the Fates may have their usual Course,
 That he may close my dying Eyes and yours :
 In this your aged Nurse and Cowherd join,
 The faithful Hogherd adds his Pray'rs to mine.
Laertes, now disabled for the Fight,
 Cannot among your Foes maintain your Right.
 May your Son live! Time will his Strength advance,
 But his weak Youth still lacks his Sire's Defence.
 To drive your Foes from hence I Succour need,
 Come you, our only Safeguard, come with Speed.
 You have a Son, may Heav'n preserve him long!
 Whom you should teach his Father's Arts while young.
 That you may close *Laertes*' Eyes, make haste,
 For he expects each Day will prove his last.
 Me a mere Girl, when first you went away,
 You'll find grown old and wrinkled by your Stay.

Phyllis

Phyllis to Demophoon.

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *the Son of Theseus and Phædra, returning home from the Trojan War, was by a Storm driven into Thrace, where he was kindly entertain'd by, and married to Phyllis (Daughter of Lycurgus and Crustumena) who then reign'd over Thrace. When he had stay'd some Time with her, hearing of the Death of Mnestheus, (who had seiz'd the Kingdom after his Father Theseus was expell'd from Athens) and captivated with the Desire of a Throne, he promis'd Phyllis that he would return in a Month, and under Pretence of settling his Affairs, sail'd to Athens, but thought not of his Return. When four Months were pass'd, Phyllis writes to him this Epistle, in which she persuades him, that mindful of the Benefits he had receiv'd, and to keep his Promise, he would persist in his Fidelity to her, which if he should neglect, she threatens she will revenge her violated Chastity by a cruel Death.*

PHYLLIS, your *Thracian* Hostess, must complain,
 Your Time expir'd, still absent you remain.
 Soon as the Moon had once perform'd her Course,
 Your Ship, you said, again should reach our Shores.
 Four Times she 'as lost, four Times her Light renew'd,
 Nor Ship from *Athens*, on our Sea is view'd.

Tell

Tell but the Hours, each Minute Lovers tell,
 Judge if too soon I my Complaints reveal.
 Long hop'd I, flow, what's dreaded, we believe,
 But now, much as I love, I Faith must give.
 Oft' to deceive myself for you I strove,
 Oft' thought your Ship back by the Wind was drove.
Theseus I curs'd, Author of your Delay,
 And yet perhaps he has not caus'd your Stay.
 Sometimes I fear'd, as *Hebrus'* Shoals you crost,
 Your Shipwreck'd Vessel in the Waves was lost.
 Oft' at their Altars in a suppliant Dress,
 I've pray'd the Gods, perfidious, you to bless :
 Oft' said, when fair the Wind, and th' Ocean still,
 " He'll come, if he's alive, I know he will."
 Love found out ev'ry Cause which might delay,
 I exercis'd my Wit t' excuse your Stay :
 And still you're absent, nor your Oaths can move,
 Nor yet return you, mindful of your Love.
 Your Vows and Sails are both born off in Air,
 For these return not, and those faithless are.

WHAT have I done, but lov'd you too, too well?
 My very Faults your Obligations tell.

My

My only Crime is entertaining you,
 That Crime declares how much to me is due.
 Where's now your plighted Faith? your Promise giv'n?
 The Gods t'attest your Falshood call'd from Heav'n?
 Th' eternal Love you swore? where's *Hymen* now?
 The Pledge and Witness of your Marriage Vow?
 By the rough Sea you oft' had cross'd before,
 And was to cross again, all this you swore;
 By *Neptune* likewise (this unless you feign)
 Your Grandfire, who commands the boist'rous Main;
 By *Venus* and by *Cupid's* fatal Dart,
 The Bow, the Flames which quite have pierc'd my Heart;
 By *Juno*, Goddess of the bridal Bed,
 And by the sacred Rites to *Ceres* paid.
 Shou'd th' injur'd Gods all 'venge their Deities,
 Alone you'll not for Punishment suffice.

I frantic too repair'd your shatter'd Fleet,
 Made all, as 'twere to aid your Flight, compleat;
 Sailors supply'd, that you might me desert,
 By my own Weapons wounded is my Heart.

Your many flatt'ring Speeches, and your Race
 Believ'd I, which from Gods you feign to trace;

D

Believ'd

Believ'd your Tears, can they dissemble too ?
 Yes, they are skill'd, as you command to flow :
 Believ'd your Oaths; why have you thus contriv'd
 So many Arts, when one had me deceiv'd ?

That I reliev'd your Wants, I don't repent,
 Or you receiv'd, thus far my Duty went ;
 I'm griev'd I shou'd still greater Favours add,
 And make you Partner of my bridal Bed.
 Wou'd that the Night before had been my last !
Phyllis wou'd then have died, as she liv'd, chaste.

What I thought I deserv'd, I hop'd you true,
 Sure Hope may be indulg'd, where much is due.
 'Twas easy thus to cheat a cred'lous Maid,
 Such Weakness shou'd be pitied, not betray'd.
 That you've deceiv'd a love-sick Woman tell,
 May no Exploit of yours this e'er excel !
 May you be midst your Race at *Athens* plac'd,
 Behind your Sire with all his Titles grac'd ;
 While they of *Scyron* and *Procrustes* tell,
 How *Sinis* and the *Cretan* Monster fell ;
 That *Thebes* was conquer'd, and the *Centaur*s slain,
 And that he trod grim *Pluto's* dreary Reign ;

Be this Inscription on your Statue read,

" Here's he whose Wiles deceiv'd a loving Maid?"

Deserted *Ariadne* this one Feat

Of all Sire's brave Deeds you imitate.

You th' only Deed, he needs excuse, admire,

Heir only to the Treach'ry of your Sire.

A mightier Husband she (nor envy I)

Has wed, is drawn by Tygers plac'd on high :

But flighted *Thracians* fly from my Embrace,

'Cause I preferr'd a Stranger to our Race :

" Let her to learned *Athens* cross the Main,

" O'er warlike *Thrace*, they cry, let others reign."

The End crowns Actions ; may he ne'er succeed,

Who from th' Event pronounces of the Deed !

Shou'd your Oars beat again the *Thracian* Flood,

They'd say, I fought my own, my People's Good :

Yet neither fought I ; you my Crown disdain,

Nor e'er will bathe in *Thracia's* Streams again.

I fancy I still see you setting out,

Your Ships were in my Port all tack'd about ;

You press'd my Neck to yours with strait Embrace,

With long close Kisses dwelt upon my Face ;

Mingled

Mingled your Tears with mine, and griev'd to find
 Your Sails were favour'd with a prosp'rous Wind;
 These the last Words you parting said to me,
 " *Phyllis*, *Demophoon* soon expect to see."
 Expect I may you, who'll ne'er see me more,
 Expect I may your Ship deny'd my Shore:
 Yet I expect; come to my Arms, tho' slow,
 Then only by Delay you'll break your Vow.
 What ask I, Wretch? Perhaps some other Dame
 Detains you, thoughtless of your former Flame:
 Perhaps you've quite forgot your *Phyllis* too;
 Ah! shou'd you ask, whence *Phyllis* is, and who!
 You from your Wand'rings kindly who receiv'd
 In *Thracia's* Ports, and all your Wants reliev'd;
 Who with my Wealth increas'd your slender Store,
 To whom much gave I, shou'd have given more;
 Who gave you o'er *Lycurgus'* Realm Command,
 Scarce to be govern'd by a Woman's Hand;
 From *Rhodope* to *Hæmus* it extends,
 And where his Wand'rings sacred *Hebrus* ends.

You, Fate adverse, my Virgin Fame destroy'd,
 And my chaste Zone your faithless Hand untied;

Bride-maid

Bride-maid *Tisiphone* howl'd near the Bed,
 And Screech-Owls' dismal Notes fill'd me with Dread ;
Alecto came, Snakes wreath'd her horrid Hair,
 And a Torch fraught with Flames sepulchral bare.

On Rocks I penfive roam, and on the Shore,
 Far as they can my Eyes the Seas explore.
 By Day I look, and in cold Midnight Air,
 If e'er the Wind for your Return is fair ;
 And when a distant coming Sail I view,
 I trust the Gods are kind, and send me you ;
 Run to the Shore, rush almost in the Main,
 The rolling Waves my Ardour scarce restrain :
 As it draws near, I falter more and more,
 And my Maids bear me fainting from the Shore..

There lies a Haven, grad'ally arch'd round,
 And its two Sides huge craggy Mountains bound ;
 I've thought to cast myself hence in the Main,
 Will yet, as you your Treach'ry still retain.
 May to your Shore the Waves my Body bear,
 Before your Eyes unburied I'll appear ;
 Than Flint, Ir'n, or yourself, tho' harder you,
 " *Phyllis*, you'll say, I'd not be follow'd so."

E

Myself

Myself to poison oftimes I intend,
 Oft' that the Sword shall all my Sorrows end,
 My Neck, 'cause it your faithless Arms embrac'd,
 I purpose shall be with a Halter grac'd.
 With Death I'll expiate soon my injur'd Fame,
 Resolv'd to die, each Death's to me the same.
 My Tomb shall you the cruel Cause rehearse,
 And brand your Name in this or some such Verse;
 "Fond *Phyllis* *Demophóon* her Guest destroy'd,
 "He gave the Cause, by her own Hand she died."

FINIS



